THE PORT FOLIC,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. II.

"——— Bold without confine,
" Imagination's charter'd libertine."

WHETHER wafted on the wings of zephyrs, or impelled by the fury of the winter's blast; whether seated on the summit of the rainbow or guided by the dæmon that directs the storm, can never be discovered: but to the lowly scenes of earth I bade adieu, and lighted on that orb, whose beams conduct fond lovers to the couch of bliss. How, or whe efore, this could be, spirit of fancy, you alone can tell!*

The surrounding regions differed little in appearance from some of those on earth. Africk's wilds, that present to the eye of the wearied traveller, no diversity of flowers, woods, or streams, affords a resemblance more just than any other that occurs to my mind: but the total absence of atmosphere impressed me with the belief that greater dangers were to be apprehended than those of famine and barbarians.† My fears, however, proved illusory; for though I supposed a cessation of breath would be attended by a cessation of life,‡ yet, in reality, incalculable benefits flow from that source, for the functions of nature are performed without the danger of inhaling a noxious atmosphere, or receiving into the system air contaminated with infection and disease.

I pursued my journey, and discerned a lofty mountain whose summit was crowned with towers and battlements. The mountain, from its height

* Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Fenelon, have all pointed out the path by which their heroes reached another world. My friend acts at least, more prudently, for secrets so sublime should be concealed from mortal ken. Besides, perhaps curiosity would not be gratified by the information, because it would *seem* incredible, and in the words of Pindar, απροσιτοι Ερωτων οξοτεραι Μανιαι. Let no one then attempt to lift the veil, for his endeavours will be vain. *Quid inquiris in rem absconditam?*—A.

† The dispute between Sir Isaac Newton and later astronomers, on this subject, that has been so long *sub judice*, it is to be hoped, is now decided.—A.

‡ "The wonders of modern philosophy have eclipsed the twinkling lights of Peripatetick wisdom, and shamed the doctrines of the Stagyrite with all the learning of ancient times." Many are the visions of this philosophy. It has been supposed that the nature of man might be so improved that, arriving at the *acme of perfectability*, the body will be refined so that it can live without performing the ordinary functions of life.—A.

I supposed to be that to which philosophers have given the name of Leibnitz.§ With difficulty I attained the place where stood the ruins of a once splendid wall. Sentiments of mingled hope and fear agitated me as I entered the city, and my alarms increased on seeing a number of animals, not unlike us mortals, advance towards me with looks and motions expressive of indignation, and disappointment, and with the intention, as I supposed, of hurling me back to my native planet for daring to intrude on their domains. My alarm was groundless, for each one was too much employed with his own affairs to interfere with mine. They were all speaking loudly in a language which I cannot assimilate to any in the world, but the sound of which so perfectly expressed the ideas they were intended to convey, that I completely understood every word that was uttered.‖ It appeared that each one had been disappointed, by the failure of some favourite design, which he had long cherished, and after bringing it almost to maturity, had met some obstacle that dispersed, in a moment, his flattering hopes. To enumerate their various misfortunes were impossible, and even if in my power would not meet with credit in this sublunary sphere. Suffice it to say, that they were all too chimerical for the scope of earthly fancy, that they embraced unlimited time for their completion, and that, at best they depended upon the uncertain coincidence of ten thousand contingencies which no one but the calculator could suppose within the limits of possibility. I listened unperceived to the detail of their calamities, until one of them ran against me with considerable violence; but as his brains were composed entirely of hair, I suffered no other inconvenience than a discovery. No apology was made, as none was required; but I was requested to enter the imperial palace that stood hard by and unfold the object of my embassy. In vain did I protest that I was no ambassadour, but a mere wanderer who had been innocently transported into the kingdom of his Lunarian Majesty. My conductor was convinced that I must be the son, and heir of Giombolono, prime minister to the great king of Saturn,¶ and that I had come to adjust the terms of marriage between my master and Sinsinca, eldest daughter of the great and illustrious Chruseosin, lord of the Moon.

Into the audience chamber of the emperour I was immediately conveyed, where I found that sovereign lost in profound meditation. Around him I could discover no emblems of royalty, or magnificence, no indications of absolute power, no evidences of a regard to the glory or happiness of his subjects. On the contrary, curious animals, philosophical instruments, geometrical figures, torn books, defaced maps, pens, and scraps of paper, composed the company of this worthy potentate. And around the walls were suspended pictures of engagements without arms, vessels bounding over mountains on dry land, and cities and fortifications rising out of the waters, without labour or expense.** In the midst of these companions, the emperour frequently started, and gave other indications of

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§ Astronomers formerly gave the names of learned men to the supposed regions of the Moon; but, like the clowns in the fable, they quarrelled about their possessions. To terminate all dispute, Helvetius of Dantzick, appropriated to the different parts the names of countries, cities, &c. as Asia Minor, Italy, Palestine, &c.—A.

‖ Psammeticus, King of Egypt, (we are told by Herodotus) shut up two children with dumb nurses, so that they could hear no person speak; the first word they uttered was *bekos*, the Phrygian term for bread: he therefore determined that to be the language of nature. It has been the wish of philosophers of late to teach language in *Nature's method*. The experiment seems to have succeeded—in the Moon.—A.

¶ The reason of this will perhaps appear hereafter.—A.

** *If report say true*, the apartment of a certain earthly sovereign bears no small resemblance to the one my friend describes. I make no comment, but with half an eye the prototype may be discerned.—A.

some strong emotion. I was about to retire, fearful lest we should disturb his sleep, but I was informed that sleeping dreams were here unknown, and that only in his waking hours did the sovereign dream. That whenever a problem of superiour interest was the object of his attention, he closed his eyes, and immediately all the external objects that might disturb his contemplation, vanished from his thoughts, and his ideas floating on the pinions of imagination, were carried into regions where anxieties exist no more. A question now occupied him of more *immediate* importance than any that had for a long time occurred. He was considering the means of confining rays of light in such a manner as to illuminate his kingdom when the Sun should cease to shine. This event, it appeared from the nicest calculation, would occur in somewhat less than five millions of years, and as the emperour was now in the nine thousand four hundred and fifty-seventh year of his reign, he was peculiarly interested in the discovery. He soon awoke from his reverie, and hailed me as the ambassadour from Saturn. It was now I first discovered his feet were composed of gold, and his head of something we should take for an earth.†† So that he never moved, but was fixed to vegetate on the spot where he had been produced. With difficulty I convinced him I was a terrestrian, and that my objects were no other than those of a mere traveller, satiated with the follies of his own globe, and anxious to explore realms never before traversed by man. He expressed the greatest delight, and informed me that my appearance was very like that of the inhabitants of all the Planets, but more particularly those of Saturn. At this moment meats were served up ballanced on the points of arrows, for nowhere are the principles of Natural Philosophy better understood or applied to more frequent use than in this palace.‡‡

(*To be continued.*)

†† Different from the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Potentates, like their images at Chess, are generally impotent or indolent, leaving the duties of government to favourites and parasites.—A.

‡‡ Except at M——o. Who has not heard of the table that serves up itself *sua sponte*? of the wonderful clock? &c. &c.—A.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."

(*Continued from page* 213.)

In the evening I reminded Anacreon of the dispute about Homer which we had heard, and asked him why he had never selected some eventful epoch in the history of his country and endeavoured to record it with the dignity of epick narrative.

"I have often thought," he replied, that the epick poet stands upon a more lofty ground than the amatory enthusiast, for he interests both the judgment and the feelings; whereas we make our appeal only to the heart. If but a single bosom respond the sigh of sympathy to our lays, we are satisfied, and listen to the cold censures of the critick with the most frigid apathy. It is true, that the epick writer addresses not only those who surround him, but is heard by distant posterity. But how can I be gratified by the applause which is withheld until I cannot enjoy it; and how disregarded are those laurels which may bloom not until my form has withered in the silence of the tomb.* No, no,

* In offering this apology for his own idle and voluptuous life, Anacreon does not speak the language of the true poet. The love of Fame is an active principle, without which the world would never have been enlightened by those brilliant models of perfection which now adorn our libraries. Milton once called it "the last infirmity of noble minds," but it was that very infirmity which solaced him under the persecution of that bigotted age which forgot the poet of heaven in the "zealot of rebellion," it was that infirmity too, which led him in the pride of superiour genius to promise immortality, as the price

my friend, I will not waste those days which should be given to the charms of nature, and the nights that are due to the revels of mirth and festivity, in an idle pursuit of a posthumous fame. I like not distant prospects, but I will seize the fleeting moments as they fly. Let my soothing numbers impart the ecstatick thrill of love to hearts that are not cast in a frigid mould: may Beauty sweetly smile and meek-eyed Virtue not disdain to listen to my lays. Thus shall pleasure sparkle in my eyes and elastick Hope irradiate my brow. Let the blush of Cupid impart its glow to my colours, and let me gaze upon the eye of Venus when I would excite the emotions of rapture. Thus will I court the Graces and then will the Muses not reject their humble votary."

"Lo! here are my tablets. These thoughts would have lulled me to repose yester evening, had I not arose and given them a more permanent habitation than my perpetually revolving brain."

ON THE POWER OF BEAUTY.*

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warriour's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;†
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

"The impressions that were upon my mind," he continued after I had returned his ode, "seemed to remain during sleep, and they created a dream towards the dawn of day,‡ which I shall relate to you. My wandering fancy carried me back to the first moments of infancy. I found myself in

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of his personal safety, to the name of the "knight in arms," who threatened his "defenceless door" when the assault was intended the city."

He can requite thee, for *he knows the charms*
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these:
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
See Milton's Sonnets.

Longinus recommends that we should always consider what judgment posterity will pass upon us, and upon our writings; and Gray, in his commentary upon his Essay, mentions the contempt of Fame as one principal characteristick of vice in his age. "Many are the uses of good fame," he adds, "to generous minds: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as shortlived as our frame. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition, and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."

But the simple confession of the lively old Gascon pleases me more than any passage upon this subject that I have read.

"I have devoted this book to my kindred and friends, to the end, that when they have lost me, which they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently, that their remembrance of me may be more lively and entire.
Pref. to Montaigne's Essays.

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* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

† *No—from an eye of liquid blue,*
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Archer Love! though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie:
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."—*Moore.*

And *Nonnus* calls the eyes *the archers of love.*

In the initial lines of this ode, in the opinion of Dr. Broome, Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned by Eteocles the son of Oedipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government, though they had previously agreed, each to rule one year alternately after their father's death. Æschylus wrote a tragedy upon this subject.

‡ Theocritus was of opinion that the dreams which came about the dawn of day were more distinct than those of the night. Horace thought otherwise: *post mediam noctem vitas cum somnia vera, &c.*

the arms of a nurse and I was terrified by the angry contention of two personages whose air and costume resembled those of our statues of Mars and Minerva They each endeavoured to bribe the fidelity and flatter the fondness of the good old woman. One of them predicted, that I should imbibe the lessons of wisdom under her care, and, when my increasing years, had entitled me to a seat in the counsels of sages, that I should teach Experience, and the impetuosity of youth should be restrained by my eloquence. The other allured her by the brilliant display of imperial honours and excited her enthusiasm by the clangour of warlike instruments. In the midst of their altercation, they were interrupted by the entrance of a third. Their angry accents died upon their lips as they gazed upon the exquisite charms of the stranger. It was Venus herself, who left her Paphian groves to consecrate me to her worship. No youthful poet in the warmest vision of fancy ever beheld such matchless beauty. I cannot describe her to you, unless I were again transported into this mid-world and learn a new language. She beamed a bewitching smile upon the disputants, and, seizing me in her arms, in an instant relieved my nurse from their eager importunity. She bore me to fragrant groves where every perfume saluted the sense and where the myrtle gently interweaving with the branches of the lotus taught me the sweet communion of love."

"Give me my harp, Critias, and you shall observe the use I have made of this fleeting vision of the night."

Having brought the instrument to him, Anacreon then sung the following:

One day the Muses twin'd the hands
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;*
His mother sues but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
"Who could wish for liberty?"

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more" is the *quidquid post oscula dulce* of Secundus.—*Moore.*

By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms;
"Or Love shall flutter in your classick shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"
"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, né volea uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede,
Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.

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* *His mother comes with many a toy,*
To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyll of Moschus:

For The Port Folio.

A literary friend has directed our attention to the following poem by the celebrated DARWIN. This poem, as appears by the letter inserted below, was sent from Altona to Dr. Aikin, the editor of the Athenæum. This production exhibits most of the peculiarities of Darwin's manner. But it vindicates in a great degree his claim to originality. It has been repeatedly asserted and generally believed, even by the most captious of the criticks, that Dr. Darwin modelled his versification sometimes from the Della Cruscans, sometimes from Miss Seward, and sometimes from "The Mine," a poem, by John Sergeant, Esq. But the chronology of the ensuing couplets, written more than fifty years since, proves that the authour is a mannerist, and that his style is his own.

AN EARLY POEM OF DR. DARWIN.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,

I send you a curiosity, like most curiosities, of no great value, but still I should hope not unworthy your acceptance. It is the juvenile production of a man who, though he will not be ranked with the classical poets of our language, certainly belongs to the distinguished literati of the age: a poem, by Dr. Darwin, written more than half a century ago. This little piece has lately been published in Germany, in an appendix to an interesting pamphlet.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confin'd;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

Let the ladies attend to Mad. Dacier's note upon this ode. "This ode," says the female commentator "is very fine and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe, Anacreon would inculcate that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself."

On the 29th of April last, Dr. Reimarus* of Hamburgh, a physician of eminence, and a respectable writer, on a variety of subjects, principally medical and philosophical, celebrated the jubilee of his academick title of M. D. On this occasion the amiable and venerable sage, who, with the weight of 78 years, enjoys a green old age and the unbounded love and reverence of his fellow citizens, after a long life spent in a series of benevolent and patriotick exertions, was presented with a geographical memoir of himself, written by his friend Dr. Veit. In this memoir we learn that Dr. Reimarus studied at Edinburgh in the year 1754–6, where he formed a close friendship with Dr. Darwin. On the 29th of April, 1757, Reimarus took his doctor's degree at Leyden, and on this occasion received the congratulatory poem which is now for the first time made publick.

This production certainly will not add much to the authour's reputation, and a scrupulous friend of the doctor's might hesitate before he withdrew it from obscurity; but its publication, though in a foreign country, must sooner or later, make it known at home: and after all it is no disgrace to the writer, for (and this alone would render even a worse performance interesting) the authour's poetical taste and character was already formed; and the future authour of the Botanick Garden, published so many years afterwards, is discernible in these occasional verses. We find here the same frigid allegorisation, the same far-fetched epithets, and, in endeavour, if not in execution, tho same polished phraseology and laboured rhythmus. This gives an unexceptionable interest to the poem.

I am, sir, &c. H. C. R.

Altona, May, 1807.

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* Son of Reimarus, who wrote a work on the instinct of animals, which, if I mistake not, as well as the same authour's defence of Natural Religion, has been translated into English. The elder Reimarus's works, have something of the tone and tendency of the popular writings of Derham.

The Medical Courtship.

BY E. DARWIN.

In manhood's dawn when first soft hairs begin
To yield a timerous umbrage to the chin,
Reimarus pray'd, Ye powers celestial hear,
Send me a wife, and bless the loving pair.

Her favourite youth, the blue-ey'd goddess spy'd,
"Father of gods and men, O Jove! (she cry'd)
"Grant me unerring wisdom to employ,
"And choose a damsel for my favourite boy!

The godhead nods, and at her wing'd command,
Before the youth, three sister-beauties stand,
Each with soft words his tender bosom warms,
And hand in hand display their rival charms.

First gentle *Botany* the swain address'd,
One early rose-bud blush'd upon her breast,
She bade the Spring for him the sweets unfold,
Green'd the young herb, and dipp'd the flower in gold.

Next pensive *Chemia* lifts the magick wand,
And changing forms obey her waving hand,
Metallick trees advance their silver stems,
Bud into gold, and blossom into gems.

Last young *Anatone* steps forth, and throws
The clouds of superstition from her brows,
Harmless she smiles upon the crimson knife,
Untwists each nerve, and treads the walks of life.

He view'd, he sigh'd, alternate passions burn,
Each courts, and each is courted in her turn.
"These are my handmaids," health-rob'd *Med'cine* cries,
And steps all radiant from the bending skies.

Grace sat upon her cheek, and o'er her head
Immortal Youth his blooming honours spread;
Science for her his treasur'd ores improves,
And Age and Fortune bless her as she moves.

The youth advanc'd, and first her hand he press'd,
Then clasp'd the goddess to his panting breast;
"O take your spouse,"—she heard his soft commands,
And wreath'd her serpent to their wedded hands.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from Page* 217.)

Conversation is the Daughter of Reasoning, the Mother of Knowledge, the Breath of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the Bond of Friendship, the Nourishment of Content, and the Occupation of Men of Wit. BALT. GRACIAN.

The Conversation of the present day is not at all of the species above described. The minds and manners of men appear to have been materially altered for the worse within the last century. Conversation, which was the test of talent and wit, is become an incongruous mass of absurdity, of miserable puns, and degenerate equivoque; the delicate and elegant style of speaking of the belles lettres is extinct; and the conversation of the pen is as poor and barren as that of the lips: business and war are fatal enemies to the polite arts and to literature.

When the conversation of a people becomes vitiated, there must be some radical defect in the national mind and manners; some impoverishment of character among great and leading men; a diminution of virtue and of the energies of truth, which never fails to loosen the bands of social life, and spreads the poison of example from the greater to the lower orders of the community. Religion and morality have been neglected, the truth forsaken, and the plain pleading of common sense disregarded; while the plausible falsehoods of modern philosophy have thrown into an ingenious perspective (which appears to rob them of their deformities) deviations from which the mind would formerly have shrunk with disgust and hatred.

But let us examine fairly, whether the mind and conversation of the present age are depraved or not; and whether the garden of genius and taste, so beautifully laid out in England by an Addison, a Pope, a Steele, and a Johnson, is become wild, overgrown with weeds, and choaked with the false shoots and suckers that weaken and injure the fair tree of literature.

The propositions in the quotation at the head of this Essay, if considered singly, will, I am afraid, establish incontestable proofs of the poverty and degenerate state of genius and taste in the present day.

First, let us examine whether modern conversation is *the Daughter of Reasoning*, and draw our examples from real life. I have endeavoured to try this matter experimentally, and expected to prove the affirmative of the proposition in a circle of philosophers, the chief members of which were, Dr. Logick, Mr. Ratio, and Professor Skeptick: all men of profound learning. I hoped to find here that conversation was in truth the daughter of Reasoning, but alas! I was wofully mistaken; or if she was the daughter of Reasoning, I must confess I could not understand her language; it was neither the Chaldean, Syriack, Hebrew, English, French, Erse, nor Chinese, but a tongue most probably unknown at the Tower of Babel. I heard distinctly the words *æsthetick*, *anthropology*, *dæmonology*, *imanint*, *pathological*, and *supersensible substratum*. I confess that I utterly despaired of being able to understand these terms without a glossary; but as there is always a pride in man to display and communicate his own vast and superiour conceptions, Dr. Logick kindly undertook to act as nomenclator, occasionally, whenever this new dialect of reason occurred. I began now to pay the utmost attention; every wandering thought that asked admittance was refused; and I listened with veneration to the daughter of Reasoning, not a little pleased. like most foreigners, to find that I *now and then* could understand a word; but I was still at a great loss; for the lady talked in too high a style for my humble comprehension; and, after her opening the book of knowledge, she had actually proceeded to problem the second before I could comprehend the smallest part of problem the first; but I imagine that this must have been in some measure owing to a defect or deficiency in my own reasoning faculty, as all the company, except myself, appeared to be perfect masters of the subject; while the most that I could make of it was, that it meant something against the Christian Religion, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; but the definition of time puzzled me above any thing else, although it was stated to be, *the original perceptive representation of the possibility of simultaneity and succession*. I could not help thinking, as I was walking home, that this sort of *right reason* (as it was called) resembled very much *downright madness;* and that one moral drawn from Gay's Fables was of more real value to mankind than the whole of Kant's philosophy put together. One consolation, however, was, that few would be able, any more than myself, to understand his categorical, apodictical, hypothetical, and disjunctive judgments; in short, I came home, convinced that among those who styled themselves *modern philosophers*, Conversation was not by any means the Daughter of Reasoning.

I next sought her as *the Mother of Knowledge*, in a mixed company of men who were reputed to have considerable talents in their respective professions. It consisted of an eminent lawyer, an officer of rank, a physician, and a natural philosopher. I now seriously began to promise myself a source of entertainment and information. Conversation will indeed be here (said I) the Mother of Knowledge; and a fruitful Mother too; the lawyer will, doubtless, illustrate in a familiar way the laws of social life, and the reciprocities of society; the officer will entertain us with an accurate and faithful account of celebrated and splendid actions; the philosopher will treat of the beauties and analogies of nature and reason; and the physician will introduce some neat and pertinent remarks on regimen and diet: but it seemed that each of these gentlemen had determined to leave the shop (as it is called) at home; not one of them deigned to afford a word of professional information, any more than the haberdasher would of his gauzes, or the grocer of his hysons. The conversation took quite another turn; for it

began with the Colonel's calling Mr. Hamburg, the German philosopher, Professor Humbug, which was extremely diverting; the counsellor here too recollected the worst part of his practice, and lent his assistance to *badger* the witness; as for the physician, he was employed in making punch *secundum artem*. The result of my observations in this enlightened dinner party was, that certainly Conversation was not there the Mother of Knowledge; or if she was, at any rate it must be admitted that her offspring were somewhat illegitimate.

The gay and social circle of young men, in which the heart and sentiments play freely, without the shackles of prejudice or self-interest, next attracted my attention; and here I expected to find conversation the *Breath of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the Bond of Friendship, the Nourishment of Content;* and under that persuasion I went to dine with Captain Splash. Ensign Bounce, Sir Harry Dashall, Mr. Brass (a young Oxonian), and a Clergyman. It happened, that at dinner I was seated next to Captain Splash, who immediately condescended to direct his conversation to me as follows: "D——e I was devilish drunk last night; drank four bottles, Sir, by G—;" and then addressing himself to the Baronet, "How much do you think we drank last night, Sir Harry?" Sir Harry answered with the same easy and *elegant* stile, "D——e if I know; I only remember that I was d——d drunk; Here, waiter, give us some Madeira; Bounce, will ye take a glass of wine? Brass, what say you?" "With all my heart; Doctor, will ye join?" In short, each filled his glass, and I began to hope that it would operate to produce some lively and pleasant conversation; but it would not do; and I found that they had no resource but that of *quizzing* (as it is termed) the young Clergyman, who appeared of modest deportment, and a man of merit. Brass made the attack, and Splash and Bounce played off the same offensive artillery, till I ventured to introduce an anecdote of a celebrated divine and scholar, who happening to take a ride near Eaton College, the young Gentlemen, prompted by the appearance of a man in a big wig and cocked hat on horseback, drew near, making many significant grimaces, and uttering a jargon of ridicule peculiar to themselves. The Doctor rode up to some of the biggest of the boys, and coolly inquired what the ceremony meant. One of them, bolder than the rest, answered him, that it was *quizzing*. "Indeed!" said the Doctor; well! I had no idea that *it was any thing so clever*." The boys drew back abashed at the keenness of this sarcasm, and ever afterwards, when they met him, bowed with the utmost respect. This anecdote, however, only produced a momentary silence among the company. Splash stared; Bounce whistled a tune; the Collegian filled his glass; and Sir Harry pulled up his boots. At length a toast from Bounce relieved them from their uneasiness; a favourite girl was given; and the events of the hazard-table the preceding evening were recorded: Splash and Bounce, winner and loser, disagreed, and played off on each other, till from inuendoes they came at last to downright abuse. There was nothing to be found like *the commerce of hearts* or *the bond of friendship;* nor any thing nourished, but a great deal of *discontent;* in short, some of the party quarrelled, and the evening's entertainment was succeeded by a morning's duel.

Whither (thought I) shall I next go in search of Conversation, in her pure and elegant shape; rich in information, replete with genius, and attired by the graces of wit and taste? Whither? why among the patrons of literature, among authours, among performers; it is there that she is to be found.

Away I went, and procured an introduction to a club of them; and here, I must admit, pun succeeded pun in quick succession: but, alas! every man *performed*, and to some it appeared very hard *study;* the jests came up like a bill of fare, and were frequently served again the next day. The President was extremely happy

in fishing for them, but then they were mere *tickle-backs*. The pointed repartee, the playfulness of wit, the sprightly equivoque, were wanting; and what should be natural was reduced to rules like Bob Short's Treatise on Whist. The President of the present day need only to be possessed of the following qualifications: he must have a certain set of toasts and sentiments, a long string of puns, the art of making ugly faces, and know something of quizzing. It may easily be imagined, that I found the tables of men like these extremely barren of conversation; I came home, but brought away nothing worthy of recollection; as for the puns, I could not remember them for the soul of me.

Perhaps (thought I) the beauties of Conversation may be found readily in the mixed companies of men and women, at the tables of persons of refined habits and taste. Away went I again, sanguine in my expectations, to the Honourable Miss Tambourine's hot supper; and here appearances promised much; the ladies looked all smiling and lovely, and the gentlemen pleasant and gay. I was happily seated next one of these complacent beauties, who, after a little pause, asked me if I danced the new steps, and whether I preferred the "Waltz," or the "Irish Shuffle." I hesitated a moment, when a lady on the other side, with a red face, told me, that she liked "Drops of brandy" very much; and that "Go to the devil and shake yourself," was monstrous charming. This staggered me a little at first, till it was explained to me that these were reels called for by ladies of the highest distinction. I could not, however, help thinking, that those whose taste it is which settles the titles of country dances, might find out names more adapted to the delicacy of the female character.

The conversation turned naturally enough from dancing to musick, and as naturally from musick to Mrs. Billington; and now I expected to hear described the sweet cadences and modulations, with the astonishing powers of execution, of that celebrated singer; but not a syllable of the kind was uttered: Mrs. Billington was ill! what a loss to the town! her voice was divine! exquisite! Mrs. Billington was the taste, like "Drops of brandy;" but she had the misfortune to have the praise of fools who were incapable of appreciating her merits; and was brought into fashion more by the print shops that by her great talents and judgment. One must be caricatured in these days to be noticed, and merit must associate with nonsense to become known.

Let us hope that this false and wretched taste for frivolity may soon have an end. Let us hope for a change in the publick mind, and in the manners of society; and let us see where it may most easily be begun. Men of high rank must enter again into the service of Truth; they must discountenance the empty importance of the buck of fashion, who wars against all society, offends virtue, ridicules religion, disclaims prudence, and establishes false and dangerous principles, which form the manners of young men, who might probably become the ornament and pride of their country.

Let the mind become great, and the manners will improve. Let Reason again preside, and true wit and taste will again enrich our conversations; the coxcomb of the day will shrink into insignificancy, and the man of merit be once more noticed and respected. A love for right reasoning will be the happy consequence, and virtue become again established among us. Though it be difficult to stem the torrent of absurdity, it may yet be done; where a Bloomfield, from the humblest path of obscurity, rises up to shame the Senate and the Bar, and draws *his* forcible precepts from truth and nature.

For The Port Folio.

Today we have a fine treat for those who love to banquet with BURKE. Two original letters from that great oratour and statesman have been put into our hands for publication in The Port Folio. They are entirely new in America, and have been most unac-

countably omitted in all the editions of Burke's works. Such communications from such a source are truly "a crown and sceptre" to the editor, who is indebted for them to a literary friend, always successful in his researches among the archives of polite literature.

The criticisms of this profound statesman upon the conduct of Henry of Navarre; his contempt for *popular decisions;* his abhorrence of the rebels and traitors of the French Revolution; and his just though concise character of Louis XVI, will delight every well principled reader.

In the letter to Captain W. the description of the Abbe Maury's eloquence, and the sketch of his character, are noble, well-earned compliments. The sneer at the scoundrel Mirabeau, the contempt for his base retreat from his rank, and *despicable* affectation of *citizenship;* the allusions to the various gaols, where this *moral* reformer was almost always to be found; and the generous disdain of his usurped authority, are all worthy of EDMUND BURKE, the favourite of Nature, the votary of Virtue, the darling of Genius, and the boast of Wisdom: a man whose *principles* as well as eloquence we can never sufficiently commend—a man whose tracts, *especially those written in the maturity* of his age, are always in our hands, not only because we are dazzled and delighted by his brilliant blaze of metaphor, but because WE SUBSCRIBE IMPLICITLY TO HIS DOCTRINE, because, like him, we detest those devices, which cajole the miserable populace, and have defaced and degraded some of the finest countries in the world; because, like him, we utterly disclaim that fanatick and bastard bill of rights, promulgated by the Prices and Priestleys of Faction, and prefer that liberty, which he justly calls a noble Freedom, which carries an imposing and majestick aspect, which has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors, which has its bearings and ensigns armorial; its gallery of portraits, its records, evidences, and titles.

Letter from the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to the Translator of his Reflections on the Revolution in France.

SIR,

Yesterday I had the honour of receiving your letter, in which you desire that I may revise and soften the expressions which I have made use of concerning Henry IV, King of France.* I am not at all surprised at your request; for since your childhood, you have heard every one talk of the pleasing manner and mild temper of that Prince. Those qualities have shaded, and almost obliterated, that vigilance and vigour, without which he would never have either merited or enjoyed the title of Great. The intention of this is self-evident. The name of Henry IV recals the idea of his popularity; the sovereigns of France are proud to have descended from this hero, and are taught to look up to him as a model. It is under the shelter of his venerable name that all the conspirators against the laws, against religion, and against good order, have dared to persuade their king, that he ought to abandon all the precautions of power to the designs of ambition. After having thus disarmed, they have resolved to deliver their sovereign, his nobility, and his magistrates (the natural supporters of his throne), into the hands of thieves and of assassins.

It was a long time since this plot was first formed. It was resolved to put it into execution according to circumstances; and the mode adopted, of every where suspending the portraits of Henry IV was one of the means employed for the success of the design:—*a means truly perfidious, as it holds snares to the unwary, and catches mankind by the bait of their own virtues.*

Every time that this politick prince had occasion to deliver one of his insinuating harangues (which was very often) he took particular care not to be too literal in his expressions. It

* The passage objected to by Mr. Burke's Translator is the following:—"Henry of Navarre was a politick and active prince. He possessed indeed great humanity and mildness; but a humanity and mildness that never stood in the way of his interests. He never sought to be loved, without putting himself in a condition first to be feared. He used soft language with determined conduct. He asserted and maintained his humanity in the gross, and distributed his aids of concession only in the detail. He spent the income of his prerogatives nobly, but took care not to break in upon the capital; *never abandoning for a moment any of the claims which he made under the fundamental laws, nor sparing to shed the blood of those who opposed him often in the field, sometimes upon the scaffold.*" Page 201.

was, I suppose, to a kind of Assembly of Notables that he spoke of his design to free himself entirely from their restraint. But when he employed these courtly threats, of which, by the by, he was very liberal, he advanced his right foot, and, as he himself says, "always clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword."

Those men whose power is envied, and against whom violent factions are formed, cannot with safety be good in any other manner. Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and all others in similar situations, who have dared to be virtuous, could never have enjoyed this arduous and critical preeminence but by inviolably pursuing all means in their power of attracting respect, and of sustaining their authority. Without this, they could not have exercised their benevolence.

In such a situation, a prince may with safety, and with as much sagacity as glory, divide his authority with his people; because then he has the power to divide at his discretion, and is not forced to abandon it.

Whatever may be the honour annexed to such a voluntary division, whatever may be the political motive that can induce a sovereign to make such a sacrifice in certain cases, Henry IV neither did the one nor the other: he never, in any manner whatever, parted with an atom of his authority. Did ever he leave it to the judgment of the citizens of Paris to determine the right which the laws of the kingdom gave him of being their king and their sovereign? Did they ever enter into any treaty with him concerning his title to the throne? Where is there in the long catalogue of the unlimited prerogatives of the kings of France (be they just or unjust), an article which he ever abandoned, limited, or even submitted to inquiry? He would have been still more illustrious, if, after having purchased and conquered his kingdom, he had done this, and if he had become the founder of a regular constitution.

Historical facts have not furnished me with the means of deciding in a proper manner, if ever he found himself in a situation to acquire this glory, or if he then could have made any attempts of that kind with a greater degree of safety than has been done on a recent occasion. But it is very probable that he never had any idea of this kind. If you read the Memoirs of Sully with attention (and I suppose that the opinions of the minister differed but little from those of his master) *you will easily perceive that they were both royalists in all the extent of expression;* and with some few exceptions they constantly maintained that species of government.

As to the blood that Henry shed, he never spilt one drop more than was *necessary for the maintenance of his Right; which he on no occasion would submit to any species of popular decision:* he however could *kill* when it was necessary. How many bloody battles did he not fight against the majority of the French nation? How many cities did he not sack and pillage! Was his minister ashamed of sharing the booty that fell into his hands? It is true, that while closely besieging his own capital, he relieved and protected the unfortunate families who, at the peril of their lives, sallied forth to gather a scanty harvest under the walls of this very capital. I approve this conduct, but it does not inspire me with an enthusiastick admiration. He would have almost been a monster in cruelty, and an idiot in politicks, had he done otherwise. But while he was so compassionate to a few wretches dying of hunger, one cannot forget that it was he himself who famished them, by hundreds and by thousands, before he was in a situation to treat thus compassionately a few isolated individuals. It is true, indeed, that in starving Paris, he did nothing but what was conformable to the right of war: but that was a right which he enforced in all its plenitude. He followed the dictates of his heart and of his policy in the acts of compassion attributed to him: as to the famine which he occasioned, it was in consequence of the position of his army. But can you support the panegyrists

of Henry IV, in regard to this very siege of Paris, when you recollect the late deplorable scarcity, and, above all, what has been done in consequence of that unhappy epoch? Of the occurrences that followed I shall not speak at present, although I think that *that* ought to be done, to inspire every honest heart with horrour and indignation.

At to the "Scaffold,"—it is impossible to decide at this moment, whether it would not have been more prudent for Henry IV to have saved Mareschal de Biron, instead of cutting off his head within the walls of the Bastile. He was under great obligations to this Mareschal of France, as well as to his father; but Henry was less remarkable for his *gratitude* than for his *clemency*. As he never shed blood but for just reasons, I suppose that he thought himself obliged to do it then, on account of the good of his people, and the security of his throne. It must be allowed, however, that if he had pardoned this rash and impetuous man, he would never have been reproached with this act of commiseration.

If he imagined that the Mareschal de Biron was capable of some of those scenes which we have lately seen exhibited in your kingdom: if he supposed that he might produce the same anarchy, the same confusion, and the same distress, as the preliminaries to a humiliating and vexatious tyranny, which we were on the point of beholding established in France under the name of a Constitution,—it was right, very right, to cut, on its very formation, the first thread of so many treasons.

He would never have merited the crown that he acquired, and which he wore with so much glory, if interposing his compassion to defeat the preservative effects of a severe execution, he had scrupled to punish those traitors and enemies of their country, and of the human race;—for, believe me, there can be no virtue where there is no wisdom.

Weakness only (that is to say, the parent and ally of crimes), could have allowed itself to be affected by misdeeds which have a connexion with power, and which aim at the usurpation of a certain degree of authority. To pardon such enemies, is to do the same thing as those who attempt the destruction of religion, of the laws, of policy, and of the prosperity of industry, of liberty, and of the prosperity of your country. If Henry IV had such subjects as those who rule France at this very moment, he would do nothing more than his duty in punishing them.

The present sovereign is in the situation of a victim, and not the avenger of rebellion. It is rather a misfortune than a crime, that he has not prevented this Revolution with that vigorous precaution, that activity, and that momentary decision which characterized Henry IV.

Louis XVI, according to what I hear and believe, has received from nature as perfect an understanding, and a heart as soft and humane, as his illustrious ancestor. These are indeed the *elements* of virtue; but he was born under the *canopy of a throne*, and was not prepared by adversity for a situation, the trials of which the most perfect and the most absolute virtue could have scarce resisted.

As to the proceedings, the men, the means, the pretexts, the projects, the consequences arising from false plans and false calculations of every nature and of every species, which have reduced this Sovereign to appear in no better light than an instrument for the ruin of his country; these are circumstances to be recorded and commented on by the historian.

These remarks, Sir, have been occasioned by reading your letter; you may print them as an Appendix to your work, or in whatever manner you please; or you may keep them for your own private satisfaction—I leave entirely to your discretion.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
E. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, Jan. 2, 1791.

LETTER TO CAPTAIN W——.

(COPY.)

Duke-street, St. James's, Feb. 11, 1791.

SIR,

I must beg your favourable interpretation of my long silence. I have really been engaged in business which has occupied my whole mind, and made me somewhat negligent in the attentions which are most justly due from me. Amongst those I must reckon what I owe to you, for your communication of the sentiments of the Abbe Maury, and for the very polite and obliging manner in which you have made that communication.

I have to thank you for the excellent speeches of the Abbe's, which, until your goodness furnished me with them, I had never read. I had never before seen any thing of his which could furnish a proper idea of his manner of treating a subject. I had seen him only in detached pieces, and sometimes, I apprehend, under the disadvantage of a representation of his enemies. Even in that form I thought I perceived the traces of a superiour mind.

The pieces which you have been so kind as to put into my hands, have more than justified the ideas I had formed of him from reputation. I find there a bold, manly, commanding, haughty tone of eloquence; free and rapid, and full of resources: but admiring, as I do, his eloquence, I admire much more his unwearied perseverance, his invincible constancy, his firm intrepidity, his undaunted courage, and HIS NOBLE DEFIANCE OF VULGAR OPINION, AND PUBLICK CLAMOUR. These are real foundations of glory. Whenever we shall get rid of the dangers of his inviolability, and shall wish to relax in the ease and free intercourse of this land of slavery (in which he has nothing to dread from a Committee of Research, or the excellent laws of *lese nation)* he shall, with a very sincere and open heart, receive from me the *accolade Chevaleresque*, which he condescends to desire: for he has acquitted himself *en preux Chevalier*, and as a valiant champion in the cause of Honour, Virtue, and noble Sentiments; in the cause of his King and his Country; in the cause of Law, Religion, and Liberty. Be pleased only to express my sorrow, that the mediocrity of my situation, and the very bad French which I speak, will, neither of them suffer me to entertain him with the distinctions I should wish to show him. I will do the best I can.

I have had the Count de Mirabeau in my house—will he submit afterwards to enter under the same roof? I will have it purified and expiated, and I shall look into the best *Formulas*, from the time of Homer downwards, for that purpose; I will do every thing but imitate the Spaniard who burned his house, because the *Connetable de Bourbon* had lodged in it. That ceremony is too expensive for my finances. Any thing else I shall readily submit to, for its purification; for I am *extremely superstitious*, and think his coming into it was of evil augury; worse, a great deal, than the crows which the Abbe will find continually flying about me. *It is his having been in so many prisons* in France, that has proved so ominous to them all.

Let the hall of the National Assembly talk to itself, and take means of averting the same ill auspices that threaten it. They are *a fine nation that send their monarchs to prison, and take their successours from the* jails! the birth of such monsters has made me as superstitious as they. A friend of mine just come from Paris, tells me, he was present when the Count de Mirabeau (I beg his pardon) *Mr. Ricquetti*, thought proper to entertain the assembly with his opinion of me. I only answer him by referring him to the *world's* opinion of *him*. I have the happiness not to be disapproved by my sovereign. I can bear the frowns of Ricquetti the First who is theirs. I am safe under the British laws.—I do not intend to put myself in the way of his inquisition, or of his *lanterne;* which I consider as much more dangerous to honest men, though not to him, than the bastile was formerly.

If I were to go to France, I should think the government of Louis XVI much more favourable to liberty than that of their present king, Ricquetti the First. In one thing, indeed, I find him, though he was a bad subject, to me at least, a kind sovereign; since, in speaking of me, he has done it in the only way which could contribute either to my satisfaction or reputation.

To be the subject of Monsieur Ricquetti's invectives and of Abbe Maury's approbation at the same time, is an honour to which little can be added. Mirabeau in his gaol would be an object of my pity; on his throne (which by the sport of fortune may be the reward of what—commonly leads to what I dont chuse to name) he is the object of my disdain. For vice is never so odious, and to rational eyes, never so contemptible, as when it usurps and disgraces the natural place of virtue; and virtue is never more amiable to all who have a true taste for Beauty, than when she is naked and stripped of all the borrowed ornaments of Fortune.

Mr. Cazales and Abbe Maury have derived advantages to their fame from their disasters, which they never could have had from the most prosperous event of their conflicts; which, however, I wish may come in the end, not for their own sakes, but for the benefit of mankind.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(*Signed*) EDMD. BURKE.

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

In our last visit to the Academy of the Fine Arts, we remarked that there were several additions to the Busts and Statues. Some of these are so exquisitely executed, that we take great pleasure by this call to the amateurs to excite liberal curiosity.

Among the casts the connoisseur and the physiognomist will be charmed with the busts of ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE. Whatever by different parties may be thought of the publick or private character of these writers, their claims to the title of Genius will be readily allowed by all. They were certainly distinguished for Eloquence, Wit, Satire, versatile talents, and some tincture of learning. Nothing can more strikingly represent the different characters and peculiar traits of these authours, than the art of the Sculptor has accomplished in this instance. In the skeleton face of the authour of *La Pucelle*, you discern the sensual and the satirick striving, as it were, for the mastery. You perceive in the expression of almost every feature, the keenness and liveliness of the Wit, and the ironical sneer of the Infidel. He has the eyes of Priapus, the brow of Pan, the nose of Ovid, the mouth of Mark Antony, and the chin of Petronius Arbiter.

On the other hand, the countenance of his great rival suggests the idea of a man, now morose and now melancholy. On his countenance, as well as that of Voltaire, you can perceive those deep traces, which the inordinate love of women never fails to produce on the visage of genius, in characters as legible as on the countenance of a Satyr. You see too the abused ardour of an eloquent madman, and a general expression in which, at one moment, you imagine may be discovered the character of a pensive sage, and in the next that of a churlish misanthrope. In short, when you gaze at these heads, little is wanting to complete your idea of Mental Power, or of ardent Passion; but for the features of that Apostolick Charity, "which suffereth long and is kind,"

For Love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,
For Faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts Death kind nature's signal of retreat;

You may search anxiously and eagerly but you will search in vain.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

From a walk among the tombs, we would expect to return with the most serious impressions. The merest trifles, however, may sometimes prevent them, and nothing can do this more effectually than the silly epitaphs to be found on some of the "mansions of the dead." I observed this morning the gate of a burial-ground in Mulberry-street open, and walked into it to read "the records of the departed," many of which were well written, and harmonised with the solemnity of the place; but what do you think of the following?

Now I am dead, and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotting;
Remember me, when this you see,
Lest I should be forgotten.

ANOTHER.

This monument is for their sakes
Who would remember Billy Stakes.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many, indeed a great majority of the Gentlemen and Scholars who subscribe to this Journal, are very ardently thanked for their communications, literary and pecuniary. Both are essential to the success of a periodical publication, and it is hoped that there will be no diminution of the patronage of this work; but, on the contrary, that increasing liberality will reward augmented exertion. The powers of the editor are limited, and his pretensions are of no arrogant complexion. But he omits nothing that his restricted means allow to please the publick, and by *various* modes to accomplish an honourable service. Variety is his motto, and the LITERARY RENOWN OF THE COUNTRY his aim.

With this one claim, he, dubious, leaves the rest
To the kind justice of each candid breast.
He oft has ranged through Nature's ample fields,
Tried what the *garden*, what the *forest* yields,
Cull'd every flower that lay within his view,
And, when he *wove* it, BROUGHT THE WREATH TO YOU.
If then, amid the garland of delight,
Some *simple modest* flow'rets start to sight,
Your favouring plaudits, like the genial ray,
Will spread the opening blossoms to the day.
But should his friends deny that fostering power,
The authour's HOPE must WITHER LIKE THE FLOWER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

VERSES

Addressed to a young lady with a rose.

By Lucas George.

This rose that will its bloom unfold
In Summer's heat or Winter's cold,
May serve, enchanting maid, to prove
An emblem of my faithful love,
As by thy care the rose will thrive,
So by thy kindness I shall live;
Neglected by thy charming eye,
The flower will fade, and I shall die.

MERRIMENT.

A certain monk playing at tennis with Francis the First, against some lords of his court, made one blow which decided the game in favour of the king. This prince much surprised, said, "a famous blow for a monk." "Sire," answered the monk, "you may make it an *abbe's* blow, if it is your pleasure."

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